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ISSUE 7

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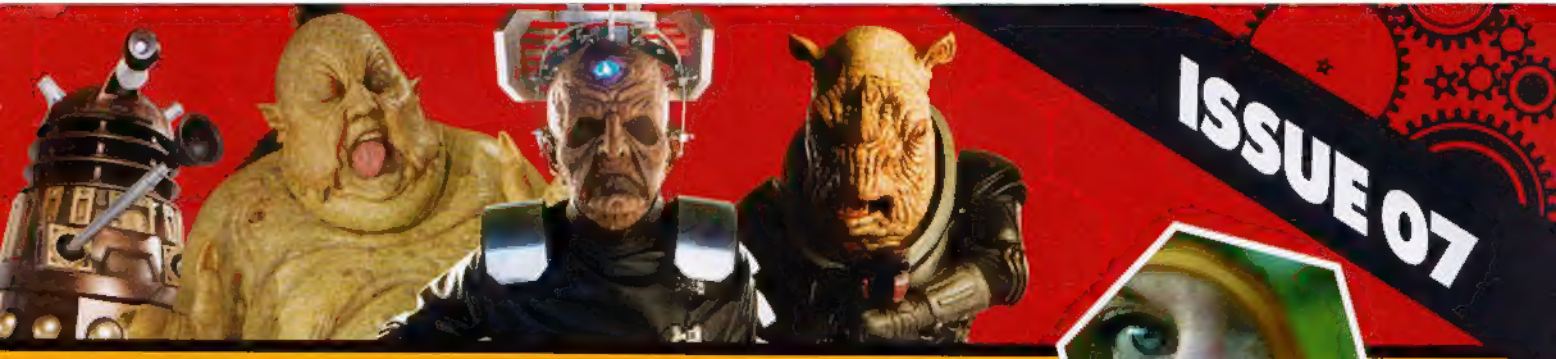

ISSUE 07

DEAR READERS,

It gives me great sorrow to bring you this news but Doctor Who Adventures no longer exists, as of now, this magazine has been taken over by me and will be known as Missy's Mysteries, or do you prefer Missy Magic? Hmmm, how about Magnificent Missy? That has a certain ring to it, don't you think?

Anyway, to cut a long story short, the Doctor has just been obliterated by the Adipose and so I have kindly agreed to step into his big old clumpy shoes and take his place as the saviour of the universe.

Okay! Stop it! Stop crying! Stop it now! I was joking. The Doctor is alive and well... or at least he was, the last time I saw him. He's just got his hands full dealing with some silly little crisis or other, so because I'm his designated BFF I decided to step in and do the decent thing and save him the trouble of writing to you by writing this letter for him. You see what a good friend I am? I bet Clara wouldn't dream of helping the Doctor out like this. But then that's just how I was brought up, selfless to a fault.

Having said that, I have to admit, there is a limit to my selflessness and writing letters to the Doctor's fans isn't as much fun as I thought it would be, so enough... you won't get another word out of me. Not a word, not a letter, not so much as a full stop... I'm bored now, and believe me, you don't want to get on my wrong side when I'm bored. So, go on, get out of here! Skat! Ske-daddle! Turn the page and get stuck into your favourite magazine before I turn you all into plastic hair accessories.

Sugar and spice and all things nice!

Missy

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BBC

COMMAND CENTRE

U.N.I.T

ALERT • ALERT • ALERT • ALERT • ALERT • ALERT • ALERT

THIS IS YOUR WAKE UP CALL!

The entire city of London seems to have fallen into a trance-like sleep. Although we have sent operatives into the region to investigate, we have been unable to maintain contact with them. One theory is that the sleeping outbreak is extra-terrestrial in origin, and we can only hope that it remains contained within the city of London and does not spread across the country.

FULL REPORT ON PAGE 5

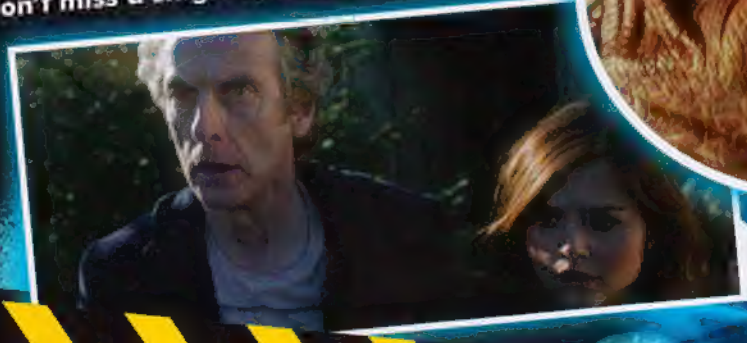
WARNING!

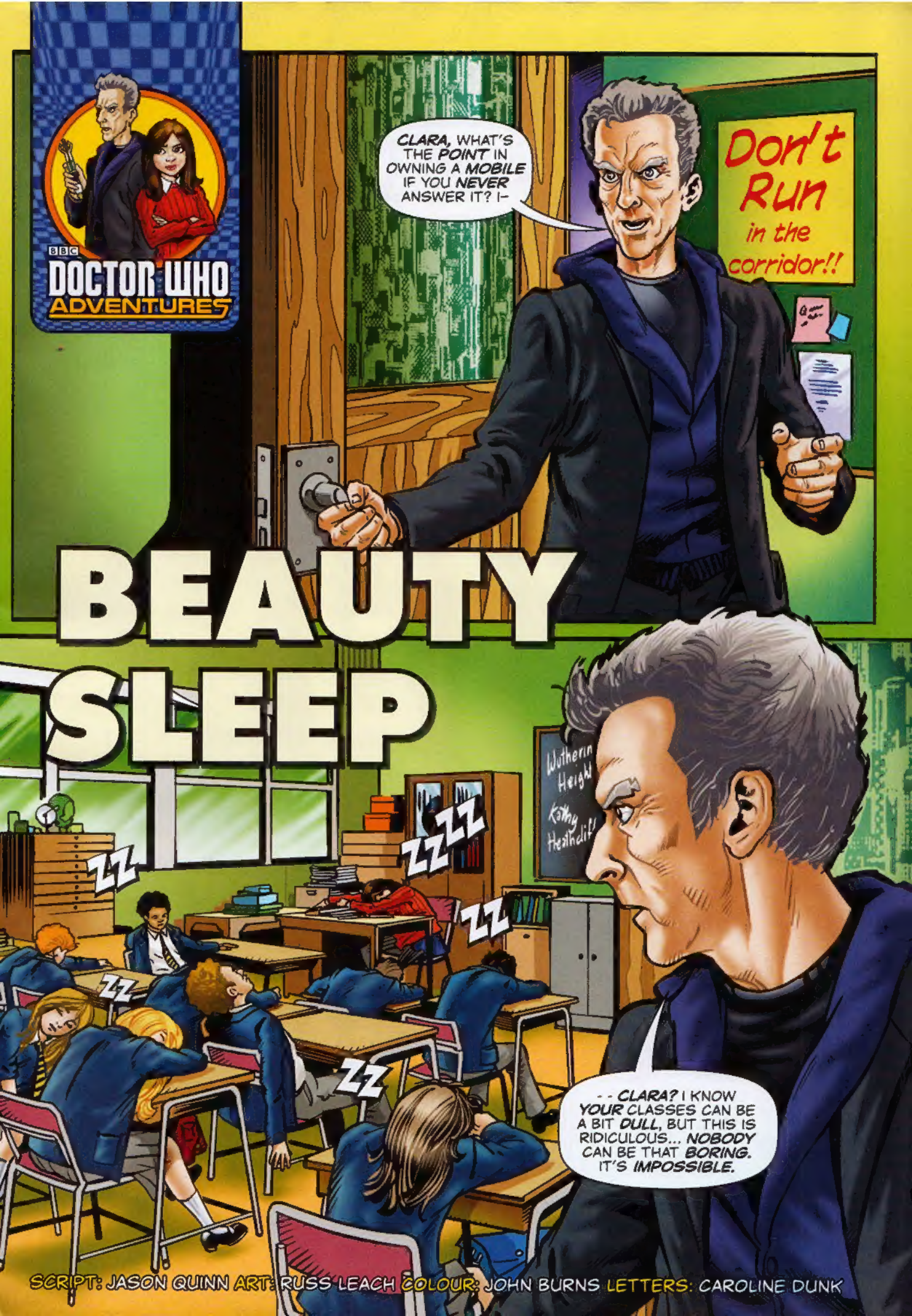
TIME LORD TECH

Take a close look at this example of a Chameleon Arch and then see if you can find five of them hidden in the pages of this magazine. When you are finished, check your answers on page 34.

IMMINENT DANGER

We have picked up the following images and while our sources remain uncertain as to what exactly they represent, it is believed that they do indicate an eceptional burst of excitement, thrills and alien activity, all of which will be beamed into your homes over the next few weeks, every Saturday on the greatest show in the universe... Doctor Who. Whatever you do, don't miss a single episode!





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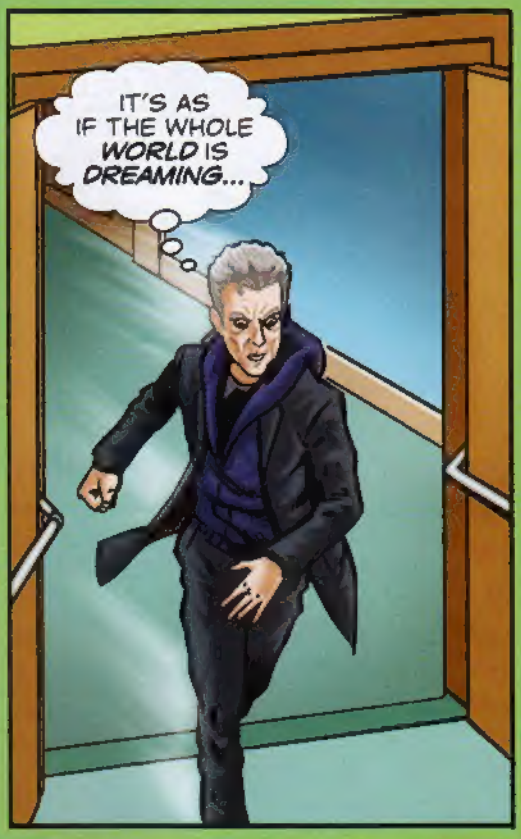

HELLO-OOO! IS ANYONE AWAKE!??

I'LL HEAD BACK TO THE TARDIS, DO SOME TESTS... EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE... IT'S GOT TO BE.
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT...
TOTTERS LANE
IT CAN'T BE ANYTHING SERIOUS...
YOU ARE TRESPASSING ON PRIVATE PROPERTY! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!
!?
PUBLIC CALL BOX

YOU WILL COME WITH US.
BY ALL MEANS, CAREFUL WITH THOSE STICK THINGS. I'D MAKE A TERRIBLE KEBAB.
SILENCE, FILTH.
IS THIS THING SAFE? I'M NOT SO GOOD WITH HEIGHTS?
NO... IT'S NOT FILTH, IT'S DOCTOR. PLEASED TO MEET YOU.
I SAID SILENCE!
COME, IT IS TIME TO MEET THE PRIME MINISTER OF EARTH.
CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

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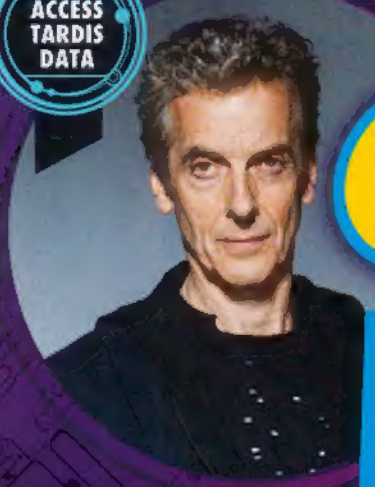
ACCESS TARDIS DATA



CREATIN

In my life-times I have faced some of the nastiest, most horrible, evil creatures in the entire universe, but at the top of that list, sitting proudly on his throne of villainy, sits my arch-enemy, the creator of the Daleks... Davros!

NAME: Davros
SPECIES: Kaled
HOME PLANET: Skaro
EARLY HISTORY: Davros wasn't always the vile and hideously deformed vision of evil that the universe has come to know and fear. Once upon a time he was a normal humanoid Kaled. Born upon a world locked in an endless war between his native Kaleds and their sworn enemies the Thals, Davros never experienced peace. Davros became head of the Kaled's Elite Scientific Division tasked with winning the Thousand Year War against the Thals.

SCIENTIFIC THEORY: Davros had noticed that the Kaled race were showing signs of gradual mutation as an effect of centuries of war. He used his laboratory to accelerate the rate of mutation in order to see the final evolutionary stage of his race.

MUTATIONS: Davros removed all of the so-called 'weaker' emotions from his creations and placed them in armoured tank-like shells. He named his creations Daleks.

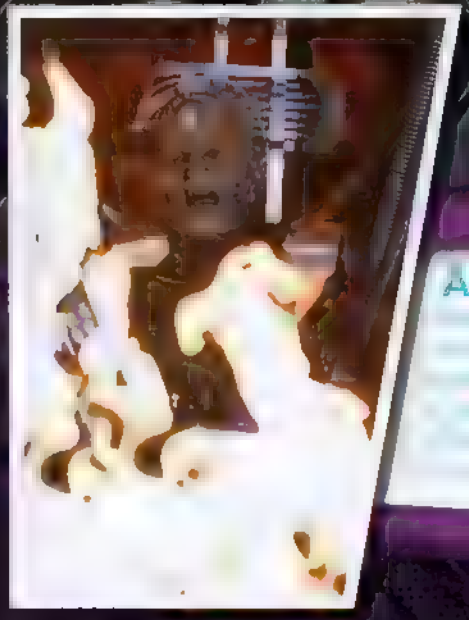
IG EVIL

BETRAYAL

Davros believed his Daleks were superior to all life forms and when his own people, the Kaleds ordered the closure of the Dalek project, he committed the ultimate betrayal and arranged for the Thals to wipe out his opponents, before ordering the Daleks to destroy the Thals.

EMPEROR: Davros has enjoyed mixed fortunes with the Daleks. Many of them revere him as their creator and at one time he was the Emperor of the Daleks.
PRISONER: The Tenth Doctor referred to Davros as a pet of the Daleks when he discovered the Supreme Dalek was holding him as a virtual prisoner, keeping him alive in order to use his brilliant scientific mind.

DAVROS



ANCIENT EVIL

MISSY CRAF
ALL PURPOSE

I've taken over the craft studio, today and I'm going to show you how to make your own evil gadget, just like mine. This device won't allow you to make calls or atomise innocent bystanders but it does make a great pencil case!

1

Use corrugated card and cut out your gadget base and sides. The base needs to be about 17cm x 8cm with rounded corners. The side pieces should be 4cm high.

2

Now bend and tape the side strips around the outside of the base until you have gone all the way around.

3

Now draw around the outside of the base onto plain card, making it bigger by about 0.5cm. Add two end bits and cut out as one piece. This is for the lid.

4

Cut another lid from corrugated card. Cut a rectangle in the centre and tape the two pieces together. Using cereal box card cut out a strip 2cm deep and tape around the edge of your lid. Tape the inside again to keep the sides straight.

5

Now cut 2 slices of toilet roll tube to the width of the square lid ends. Press in the middle to make a dip and tape together.

6

Next, tape the toilet roll pieces to both ends of the lid. Make sure the lid still fits on the base. Then add 2 strips of thin card around the top piece of toilet roll at the end of the lid. Make one of them curved as shown and tape in place.

T STUDIO
GADGET OF EVIL

YOU WILL NEED:

- CARDBOARD BOXES • TAPE
- NEWSPAPER • PVA GLUE • CARD
- PAINT BRUSH • TOILET ROLL TUBE
- PAINT • DRINKING STRAWS

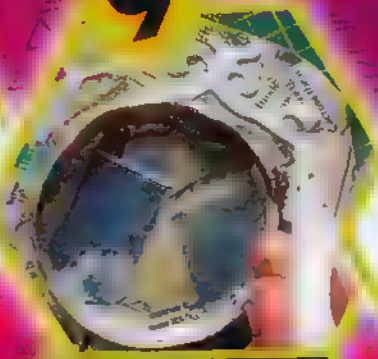
7

Use bendy drinking straws to form a raised edge around the rectangular screen and tape in place.

8

Cut 4 strips of thin card about 0.5cm high and bend into circles, making one larger than the other. Tape in place on the base side. The other 2 circles fit into the taped circles, so make the a little bit smaller.

9



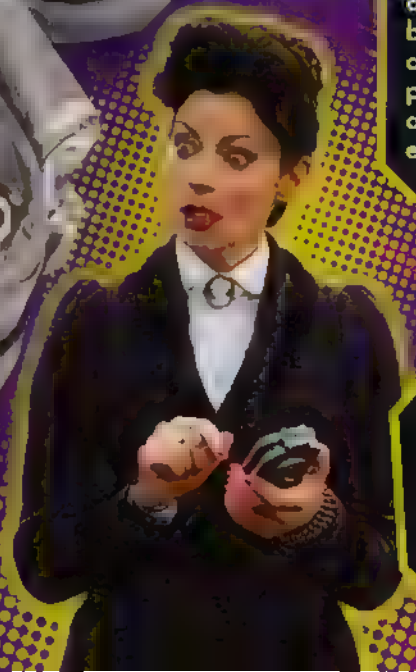
Now cover the whole thing in 2 layers of papier mache When completely dry add some Time Lord details by drawing patterns with a pencil and going over the lines with a PVA glue pen. Leave to dry.

10

Now the fun bit, paint the whole thing grey and paint the inside of the rings red and the 'screen' dark grey with black corners.

11

Use a dry sponge with dark grey paint on and brush over the raised areas to add depth and paint a light grey line around all the lines and edges to add more detail.



12

When its all dry you won't be able to use it to cause mass destruction and madness but you will be able to store all your pens inside it!

ALIEN ARCHIVE

Name:

THE SHADOW PROCLAMATION

ROLE:
Outer Space Police

BASE OF OPERATIONS:
Three Asteroids

LEADER:
The Shadow Architect

DETAILS:
Pink-eyed humanoid tasked with keeping inter-galactic peace.

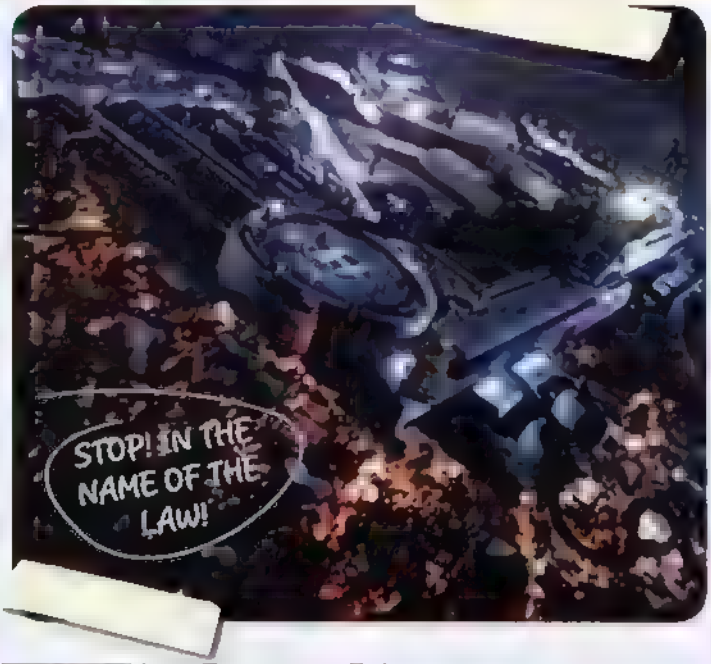
THE LAW:
The Shadow Proclamation keeps the peace by upholding universally agreed laws.

FORCES:
The Shadow Proclamation upholds inter-galactic justice with the help of the Judoon who act as an inter-stellar police force.

ALIEN ALLIANCE:
Although information is limited it is believed the Shadow Proclamation is made up of many different alien races, in a way they are like a universal United Nations.

OTHER MEMBERS:
Our intel is not complete but it is known that the Shadow Architect has a servant of her own race.

File: 007/007g	**Danger level:** Low
Type: Class A/X	**F.A.O.:** All personnel



WAR:

Although tasked with keeping the peace, the Shadow Proclamation can declare war on enemy forces if it is found that they have broken and continue to break intergalactic laws. At one stage they tried to seize the TARDIS to force the Doctor to lead them in war against the Daleks.

IMPREGNABLE?:

Their base is notoriously difficult to enter without invitation. The Doctor has gained access, and so has Davros's ally, Colony Sarff.

FRIEND OR FOE?:

The Judoon will fight fearlessly to uphold the law but they are not particularly clever and could be outwitted in battle.

WARNING!

YOU WILL UPHOLD THE LAWS OF THE SHADOW PROCLAMATION

TWISTED CONUNDRUMS

The Doctor's enemies have captured you in the belief that you are the Doctor's latest regeneration. You will need all your wits about you to solve these problems and make your escape.

DECODER

A	✱	N	⊂
B	○	O	‖
C	◎	P	⚇
D	∘°	Q	●
E	⊂	R	⌣
F	⊂/⊃	S	◯
G	⌒	T	<
H	●	U	⊂/⊃
I	°∘	V	(
G	○	W	=
K	✱	X	⊂
L	⊂	Y	>
M	○○○	Z	~

ALIEN ORDERS

Your captors have received these coded instructions. Use the decoder to crack the code and reveal their plans.

PERCEPTION FILTER

The Daleks have been messing with your perception but if you concentrate, you should be able to find 10 small differences between these 2 pictures.

DALEK IDEALS

You have [illegible] Research Centre. All of the words buried in [illegible]

DAVROS
CITY
KALED
HATE
EMPIRE
EVIL
WEAPON
SKARO
SEARCH
DESTROY
LOCATE
EXTERMINATE
CONQUEST

E	R	H	B	K	A	L	E	D	N	N
W	X	A	G	S	U	G	X	R	X	Y
E	L	T	D	K	S	E	A	R	C	H
A	M	E	E	A	D	E	L	I	O	B
P	G	U	S	R	K	M	A	B	N	S
O	R	C	T	O	M	P	G	S	Q	M
N	B	D	R	A	H	I	A	D	U	J
C	J	E	O	A	G	R	N	A	E	I
V	E	V	Y	W	S	E	Z	A	S	H
Q	B	I	D	A	V	R	O	S	T	M
H	O	L	C	M	L	O	C	A	T	E

ESCAPE CHUTE

One of these doorways leads to freedom. Read the clues and make the right choice.

1. Door A leads to the radiation chamber.

2. The door furthest from A leads to the guard room.

A B C D E

3. The door next to the guard room leads to the research laboratory.

4. The centre door leads to the Dalek Supreme.

SNAKE ALERT

You need to find your way through this maze of corridors without running into any of Colony Sarff's snakes. Can you reach your spaceship and escape?

ANSWERS ON PAGE 34

BBC
DOCTOR WHO
ADVENTURES
POSTER

STRAX'S GUIDE TO ALIEN RACES

This issue I don't feel like travelling the universe, instead, I will let the universe come to me as I share my momentous knowledge of some of the strangest alien races in the entire cosmos! Read and learn, human filth, read and learn.

ABZORBALOVIANS

Abzorbalovians have wonderful skin but sadly, that is the only good thing one can say about the natives of the planet Clom. These creatures absorb the bodies, thoughts and memories of their victims. They are relatively technologically advanced, but should not be trusted. When visiting backward planets such as Earth, they are not above disguising themselves as human (which proves they are completely without any concept of shame).

DANGER RATING:

RAXACORICOFALLAPATORIANS

Don't ask me to repeat the name of this race from the planet Raxacoricofallapatorius. The Doctor's old enemies, the Slitheen are a member of this ridiculously tall race, who can reach over 2 meters in height. They are a calcium based life-form and are vulnerable to acetic acids such as vinegar. They hatch from eggs and females can produce and release poison through their claws or breath.

DANGER RATING:

BALHOONIANS

surprising love of law and order; this one have a g solicitor. They may not look too dangerous but their teeth are as sharp as razors and their sweat glands produce a dangerous glaxic acid if their bodily fluids are not regularly replaced.

DANGER RATING:

CARRIONITES

These beauties come from Rexel 4 in the Rexel System. They make use of a word-based science which humans refer to as witch-craft. They are so dangerous that at the dawn of the universe they were banished to the Deep Darkness for all time. In their normal form they look like some form of strange bird, but they can disguise themselves as better than average looking human beings. Do not let their pretty faces fool you; these creatures are not pleasant.

DANGER RATING:

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

LATER...
GOOD... THEY'VE GONE.

WHATEVER GAS THEY USE, IT OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T WORK ON TIME LORDS... NOW, HOW DO I GET OUT OF HERE?

UNLOCKED?

OF COURSE, IF EVERYONE IS SUPPOSED TO BE ASLEEP, WHO NEEDS LOCKS?

I NEED TO GET BACK TO THE TARDIS, BEFORE THEY NOTICE I'M NOT WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO BE.

COME ON, BESSIE CAN GO FASTER THAN THIS THING!

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
POLICE TELEPHONE
FREE FOR USE OF PUBLIC
OFFICERS AND CARS TO URGENT CALLS
PULL TO OPEN
OKAY, GENERAL DORMIO, YOU ARE IN FOR A RUDE AWAKENING, MY FRIEND.
THE SOMNOSIAN EMPIRE, SPREAD ALL ACROSS THE 18th QUADRANT. NO RESISTANCE BECAUSE NOBODY ON THE PLANETS THEY OCCUPY IS AWAKE. THEY'RE ALL PUT TO SLEEP.
THEY USE A FUNGUS-FORMED GAS TO PUT ALL THEIR ENEMIES TO SLEEP. THIS FUNGICIDAL ANTIDOTE SHOULD SHAKE THINGS UP A BIT.
NOW TO SPREAD THE ANTIDOTE AROUND THE PLANET AND GIVE EARTH A WAKE UP CALL!
VWOORP!
VWOORP!

GENERAL, THE EARTH SCUM, THEY ARE AWAKE!
WHA-AAAT? IMPOSSIBLE!
THIS IS INCONCEIVABLE!
YOU ARE SURROUNDED! SURRENDER AT ONCE!
WOOORRP!
WOORP!
POLICE BOX
WAKE UP, GENERAL! YOUR GAS IS USELESS AND YOU ARE OUTNUMBERED. LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT A CHOICE TO MAKE!
A CHOICE?
YOU CAN EITHER LEAVE EARTH FOR GOOD, OR YOU CAN STAY HERE AND ENJOY A LITTLE NIGHTMARE OF YOUR OWN MAKING.
I DON'T THINK THOSE SPEARS WILL BE MUCH USE AGAINST AN ENEMY WHO IS WIDE AWAKE AND REALLY, REALLY ANGRY.
POLICE
STAND DOWN, LADS. THE EMERGENCY'S OVER.

LATER...
ZZZZZZ
HEY, WAKE UP, SLEEPYHEAD, THERE'S A WHOLE UNIVERSE OUT THERE WAITING TO BE EXPLORED.
HUH? WHA?
THE END!

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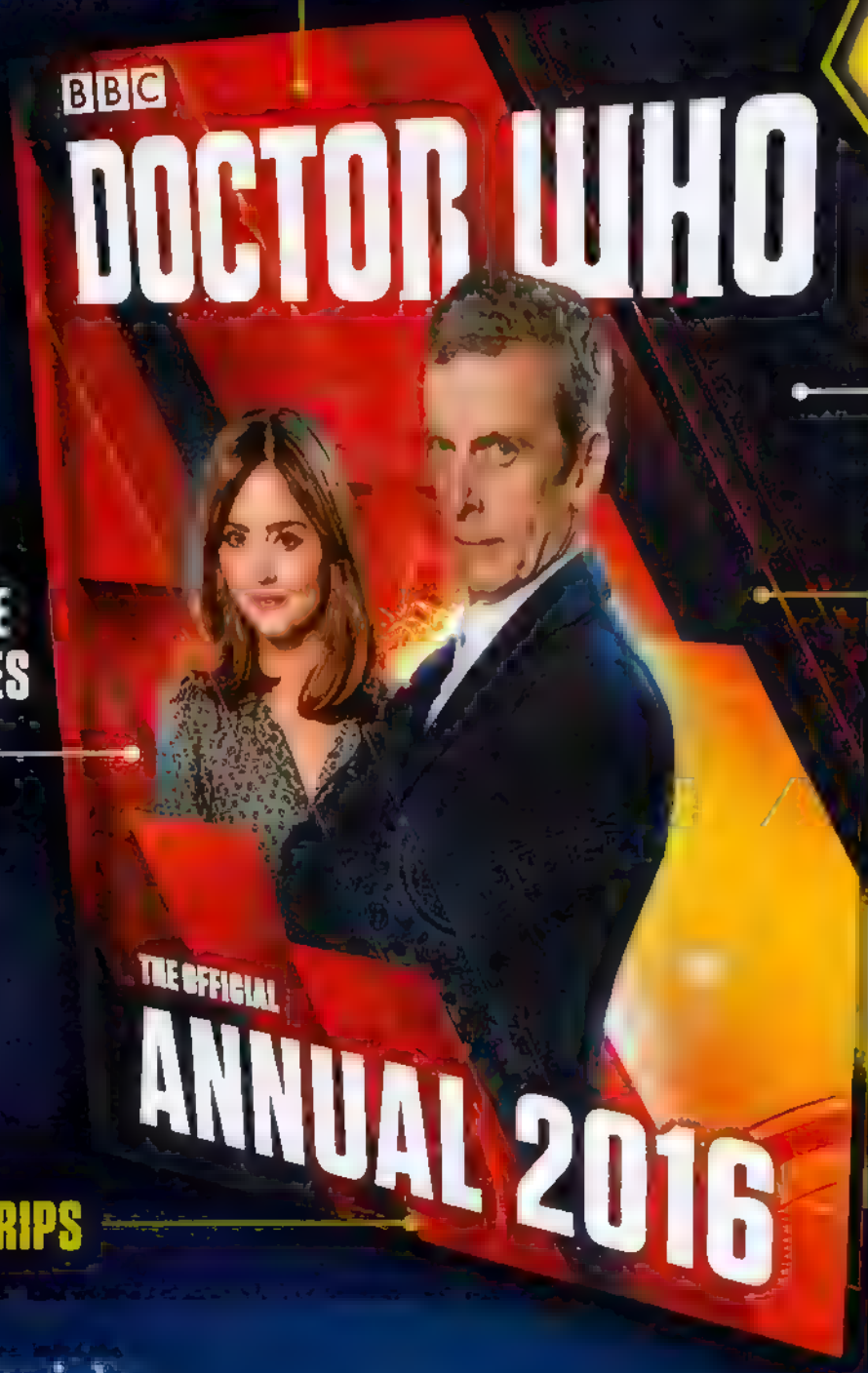

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CUT OUT
THE HUNT FOR DAVROS
In this game you get to play the Doctor or Clara as you race across Skaro, searching for Davros. To play, cut out the counters and place them on the START square. Then take it in turns to flip a coin. If you get HEADS move 2 spaces. If you get TAILS move 1 space. The first player to reach DAVROS is the winner.
20 SURROUNDED BY DALEKS. MISS A TURN
21 MISSY BETRAYS YOU. GO BACK TO START
19
18 TIME IS RUNNING OUT. RACE TO 22
00.02
17 TAKE A WRONG TURN. GO BACK TO 13
16 BLAST THROUGH SEWERS TO UPPER LEVEL. GO TO 19
2 ENTER THE SEWERS. THROW AGAIN
1 HIDE FROM DALEK PATROL. MISS A TURN
START
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

FINISH
26
25
CAUGHT IN A TIME LOOP. GO BACK TO 22
24
23
ARM YOURSELF WITH DALEK TECH. THROW AGAIN
14
DISGUISE YOURSELF AS A DALEK. MISS A TURN
13
RADIATION LEVELS HIGH. RETREAT TO 7
12
11
10
ATTACKED BY SPECIAL WEAPONS DALEK. RETREAT TO 6
9
8
ATTACKED BY SEWER CREATURE. RETURN TO START
7
6
5
FALL DOWN AN ESCAPE CHUTE. SLIDE TO 7
4
3

BBC

Let us know what you think

Every year Doctor Who Adventures Magazine participates in some research on behalf of BBC Worldwide.

The research gains readers' opinions about the magazine, as well as other BBC Worldwide magazines and assesses how satisfied readers are with them.

This research is absolutely essential and is used by BBC Worldwide and the editors to shape future content and strategy for the magazines. We would really appreciate your time to help us with this research.

If you would like to assist us with the research please visit bbcworldwide.com/survey-youth. Please make sure your parent or guardian is with you as we will need to ask them for a couple of details and to confirm they are happy for you to complete the survey. The survey will take less than 10 minutes and is being conducted according to Market Research Society Guidelines. All responses are completely confidential. A prize draw to win an iPad Mini is being run in conjunction with the survey which your parent or guardian can enter.

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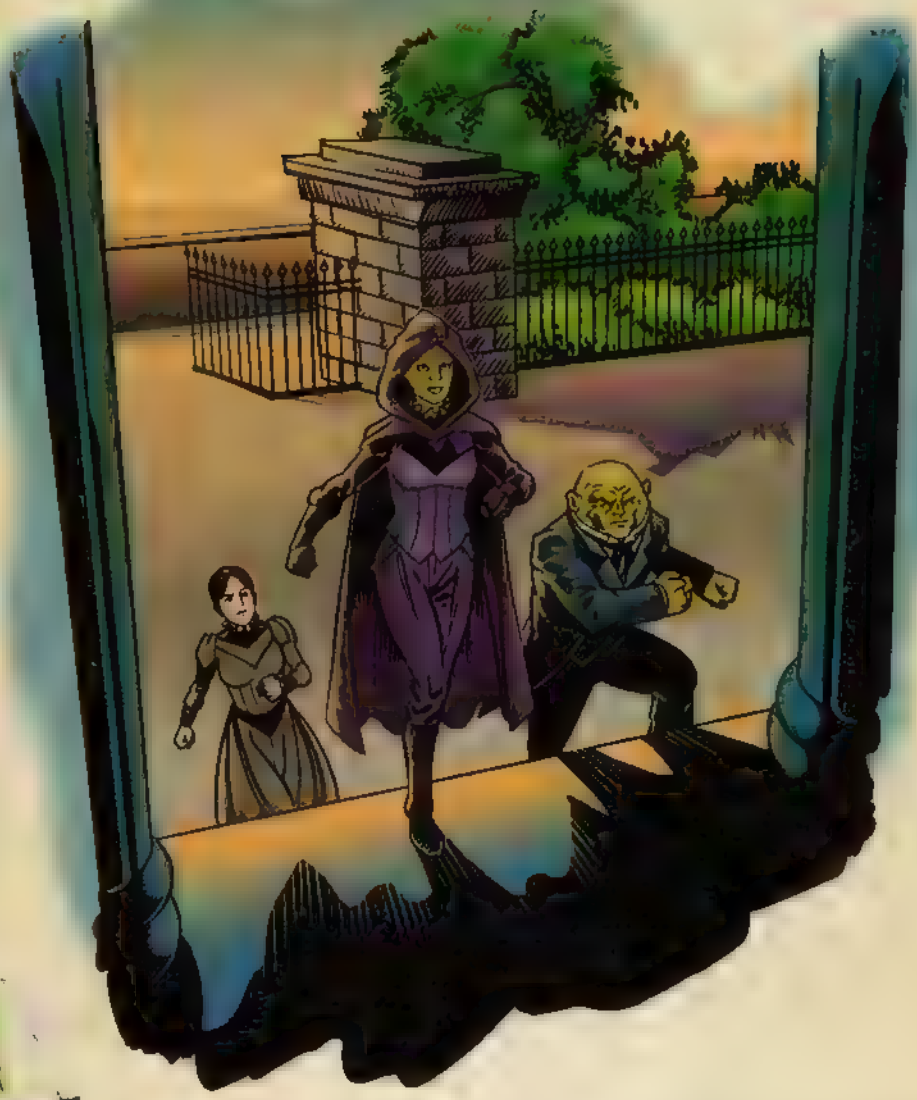
Story by Rik Hoskin. Illustrations by Russ Leach. Colours by: John Burns



THE CURIOUS CASE OF THE MISERY DIARY

FROM THE JOURNAL OF JENNY FLINT

One fine evening, in the early autumn of 1894, we were called to the British Museum by the director of Egyptology, Professor Jolyon Tanner, for a rather unusual problem.

"I understand that you are something of a detective," Professor Tanner said as he led Madame Vastra, Strax and myself through the museum displays. He was a small, bespectacled man with a forehead marked by a permanent frown of worry.

"I am both something and a detective," Madame Vastra told the professor archly. "Which aspect is it that you require?"

Ruffled, the professor fiddled with his tie and cleared his throat. "We have recently acquired some fresh items to display," he explained, "including one we believe to be a sequel to the Egyptian Book of the Dead. As you may know, the Book of the Dead was a text used by the priests of ancient Egypt during funerals. However, the book is having a rather peculiar effect on our scholars--it sends them into a deep depression!"

"Bit boring, is it?" Strax asked.

"Quite the opposite," Tanner insisted. "The content is fascinating--or, at least, I imagine it is--but everyone who reads it sinks into a miserable state from which they won't snap out."

"Sounds like every book I've ever read," Strax mumbled as the professor led us into his office.

A man in a suit was sitting in a padded chair in the office, rocking back and forth and mumbling to himself. The man did not look up when we entered.

"My assistant, Halstead," Tanner explained, indicating the rocking man.

When we stepped closer to Halstead it became clear that he was quietly muttering the following words, "There's no hope, no hope at all, everything is all so hopeless," over and over, the poor wretch!

"Halstead read the book," Professor Tanner continued, "and he's been like this ever since. Nor is he the first--Professors McLeod and Dupton are both resting at home, beset by similar conditions after reading its pages."

"How frightful," Madame Vastra exclaimed. "You must tell me all the details."

While Tanner did just that, I looked around his office. There was room enough for two desks as well as ample storage space for the antiquities being studied. Open on one desk was a book constructed from aged sheets of papyrus --the kind of paper used in ancient Egypt. It had to be the so-called sequel to the Book of the Dead!

Since Madame Vastra and Strax were still discussing the case with the professor, I decided to take a look. After all, the book couldn't do much to me--I'm no professor and I certainly don't read hieroglyphics! Except, when I looked over that aged parchment I found that I could read every word! Even stranger still, the words were written in my own hand! It was my journal! I took a peek at the open page:

Dear Diary, I have never felt so miserable. I have let down my family and my friends, and now I have no one to turn to. How am I ever-- Well, you get the idea. As I read, I felt a terrible sense of failure overwhelm me. The diary was right--I was a terrible person and my life was pointless. All I wanted to do at that moment was sit down and weep--which is exactly what I did.

What happened next was recounted to me later by Madame Vastra. As dark thoughts overwhelmed me, I fell unconscious to the floor, alerting the others, who hurried to my side.

"The boy was reading that book!" Strax accused, as Madame Vastra tried to wake me with smelling salts.

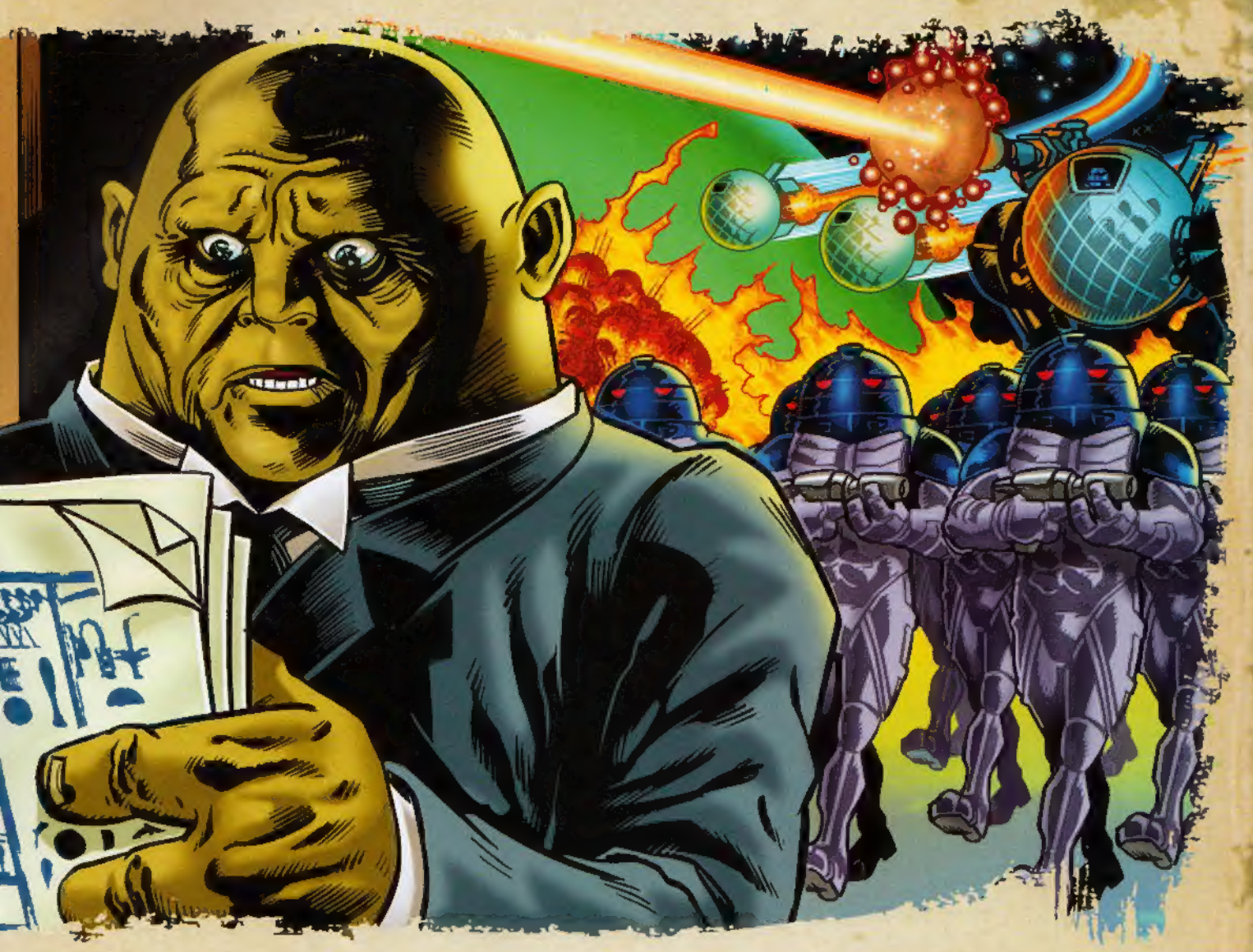
"Be careful, Strax," Madame Vastra warned as he reached for the book. "It's evidently having a negative affect on anyone who reads it."

"I shall destroy it then," Strax insisted, "and save us all any further problems." Before Professor Tanner could object, Strax had the book in his hands and was preparing to tear it to shreds. But as he lifted it, the words on the page seemed to speak to him--in the language of his own people, the Sontarans.

You are a failure, Strax, it read. *You have failed to conquer Earth, failed in your mission, and now you even fail as a Sontaran. Why carry on when you fail at everything you ever do? Why not just give up?*

Reading those words, Strax burst into tears and ran to the corner of the room. Once there, he stood facing the corner and wept like a baby. "Don't look at me," he wailed. "I am the worst Sontaran ever!"

Seeing this, Madame Vastra plucked the ancient book from Strax's hand. "This is a living, alien artefact," she deduced, "a form of *psychic papyrus* that brings misery to anyone who reads it, presumably as a kind of defensive



mechanism. It may also obtain enjoyment from the transaction."

"What should we do?" Professor Tanner asked.

"If you would be so kind as to bring me a pot of tea, I will require some reading time alone," Madame Vastra instructed.

Once she was alone with her pot of tea, Madame Vastra laid the book before her. "You doubtless have some remarkable stories to tell," she teased the book, "so perhaps you would like to try your worst on me." Then she opened the Book of the Dead and peered at its contents.

The text on the psychic papyrus now appeared to be written in a strain of Silurian known to Madame Vastra. It set about recounting all the miserable things that she had done, her embarrassments and failings, the things she might perhaps wish had never happened. Madame Vastra read the words with interest, a smile touching her lips now and then. "You know, I had quite forgotten that," Madame Vastra said as she read about an incident from two-hundred years ago.

Annoyed, the Book of the Dead flipped its own pages, and doubled in size. Madame Vastra read on, chuckling at some of the tragic events which the book recounted.

"I have lived a very long time," Madame Vastra reminded the book, "so you'll have to do better than that." The book doubled in size again ... and again ... and again--but still it was not enough.

Madame Vastra has never told me her age. All I know is that she is a Silurian and her life dates back to prehistoric times. It seemed that the book could not keep up with all the things that she had done, and Madame Vastra felt no embarrassment at any of them. Straining at its bindings, the book made one last attempt to shock Madame Vastra by showing her an illustration. Madame Vastra just laughed. Then, the bulging book burst at its seams and disintegrated in Madame Vastra's hands, never to be read again.

Everyone who had been caught under the book's spell came back to their senses once it had been destroyed.

Professor Tanner was disappointed to lose his treasured book, but he was pleased to have his assistant Halstead back--not in the least because, according to Madame Vastra at least, the professor had made a terrible pot of tea. "He evidently needs an assistant for such things," she told me.

I had to ask: "What did the book show you?"

Madame Vastra smiled. "It reminded me that there's no tragedy which one cannot overcome in time--which is true for yourself and Strax, too."

"That was it?" I asked.

"That and a picture," she replied. "Of me as I am today and of how I once was, many years ago. The difference was a few age lines, but that comes to us all. Older is wiser, is it not?"

"It certainly is," I told her. She would know--so who was I to argue?

The End

TARDIS MAIL CENTRE

The Doctor really wants to hear from you, so send in your letters and pictures to:

TELL THE DOCTOR
Doctor Who Adventures,
Brockbourne House,
77 Mount Ephraim,
Tunbridge Wells, Kent
TN4 8BS
or email us at:
dwa@panini.co.uk

Jocelyn Nunya from Wisconsin writes:
At Halloween last year I went dressed as the Doctor which is to be expected because really I am a Time Lord who lost her fob watch and one day I am going to be the Doctor! I am a Time Lord, really I am, and my TARDIS has a fully working chameleon circuit so it is currently disguised as a bookshelf!

The Doctor answers:
Wooooahhh! You went dressed as me for Halloween? Are you saying I look like a monster? Cheek! As for disguising your TARDIS as a bookshelf, what a brilliant idea. Maybe you really are a future version of me. I certainly can't think of many humans clever enough to think of that.

Each letter and picture printed this issue wins a fantastic Doctor Who mystery prize!

Emily Theasby drew this awesome picture of Clara!

Nicholas Horton has written and drawn a cool sequel to the Dalek Invasion of Earth!

Forest Michael Taylor helped his Dad make this cool TARDIS!

IN SEARCH OF THE ANSWERS»

HOW DID YOU DO?

TIME LORD TECH
The Chameleon Arch can be found on pages: 11, 13, 17, 21, 28

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DALEK IDEALS

E	R	H	B	K	A	L	E	D	N	N
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A	M	E	I	A	D	E	L	I	O	B
P	G	U	S	I	K	M	A	B	N	S
D	R	C	T	O	M	P	G	S	Q	M
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